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THE WINDFALL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

AFTER an event, we sometimes make a presentiment fit the occasion; but I do really fancy that on that well-remembered day I had an unusual feeling of anxious curiosity when the postman's sharp rap announced the arrival of letters. I was sitting at my breakfast-table in Wimpole Street: one cup and saucer, one egg, one muffin, and a tongue—not a woman's, thank Heaven!—shewed, at a glance, that I had no incumbrance of wife or child.

As I sat there stirring my coffee, I thought my landlady's steps were unusually heavy and slow; and at length, when the door was gained, and her hand upon the lock, she paused to fustigate some threat against Mary the housemaid, that unfortunate victim of three sets of lodgers. At last, Mrs Davis entered my apartment, and deposited a country newspaper and three letters, two of which proved to be tradesmen's bills; the third had a black-edged envelope directed in a strange hand. I had no near relatives, so my glance at the post-mark was more inquisitorial than anxious. Mrs Davis retreated slowly, with more than one backward look: her curiosity was excited, for I believe she knew the handwriting of all my correspondents as well, or better, than I did myself.

'Please, sir,' said Mrs Davis, 'do you dine at home to-day?'

'I do not know yet—I will send you down word,' I replied, somewhat impatiently, for I wished to be alone.

'Because, sir, I suppose if you do, you will have the bit of cold fowl curried, and the remains of the apple-tart?'

'Mrs Davis, I do not know yet where I shall dine—whether at my club, or with some friends. Surely it will be time to know in an hour?'

'O yes—certainly, sure, sir—I'll look up again,' and with this Mrs Davis made her exit. I took one more sip of my coffee, and then broke the black seal, and read the contents of the letter. It gives one a curious sensation that of putting an 0 to one's annual income, whereby £500 a year is transposed into £5000. This was just my situation. The letter was from the agent of a second-cousin of mine, whom I had never seen, to announce to me the sudden death of his employer, coupled with the very important fact, that the deceased had left no will, and that I, Francis Gerrard, was found to be next of kin. This intelligence was as pleasing as it was unexpected. In the first place, I had never for a moment dreamed of being possible heir to this relative. Indeed, not till the

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perusal of the letter had I heard of the deaths of two intermediate connections, whose claims, had they been alive, would have banished all hopes of my succession. I had never met Mr Henry Gerrard, the individual who had so kindly died in my favour. I had in early youth heard his name mentioned, or rather that of his father: disputes, which took place long before either of us were born, had estranged the family branches, so that time and distance had left little but the identity of name.

Henry Gerrard's parents had been wealthy, prosperous people, whose fortunes always increased; while the income of my immediate progenitors had ever been going the other way. I have invariably noticed, that between the lucky and the unlucky in families there is no kindly feeling; those who are unfortunate hate the prosperous for their prosperity, and they, in their turn, hate the others for their necessities. Without, however, going into the philosophy of family disunion, certain it is that I had never seen Henry Gerrard, nor his handsome residence and fine estates, which had so suddenly fallen to my possession. Five times did I read the letter, to assure myself that my senses were not playing me some fantastic trick. I leaned back in my arm-chair, and mused and mused again. I think I must have uttered my thoughts aloud, for the cat partially woke up, and winked at me several times.

I had never coveted riches, but I defy the greatest cynic to be insensible to such an acquisition of fortune. I poured out another cup of coffee, and stirred it thoughtfully and methodically; the proportions of my small but comfortable drawing-room seemed to expand into a baronial hall, and I fancied myself already surrounded by all the appliances of luxury, and a retinue of servants at my call. Well, the idea was pleasant. How much longer I might have indulged these pictorial imaginings I know not, had not Mrs Davis again appeared with—

'Did you ring for breakfast to be moved, sir?'

'No, but I've finished; you may take all away,' said I, folding up the important letter, and putting it in my pocket. 'Mrs Davis, I shall not dine at home to-day; I have to go into the City to see my lawyer, and, perhaps, I shall be obliged to leave town to-morrow.'

'No bad news, I hope, sir?'

'No, not exactly—merely the announcement of the death of a distant relative whom I never saw in my life.'

'Glad to hear it is no worse, sir. I was afraid it was something more serious-like, when I saw the black seal and letter, and you were so long, Mr Gerrard, sir, in ringing for breakfast to be taken away.'

I smiled at Mrs Davis's pertinacious curiosity, and thanked my stars that no woman had a right to question me more closely. Rejoicing in my freedom, I took my hat and stick, leaving Mrs Davis brushing up the fireplace—a process I detested almost as much as the squalling of children—and found my way towards the City. It matters little to the interest of my narrative what took place between myself and my lawyer during that morning's conversation; suffice it to say, that all preliminaries ended satisfactorily.

But to return to the starting-point—the individual me that metaphysicians prate about. I had just reached my fifty-second year; my income, as I before hinted, was a trifle under £500 per annum. This, I believe, is allowed on all hands to be a 'competence;' and, as I had been from my earliest childhood favoured also with 'health and peace,' I might be deemed, according to the poet, a happy man; and I was so. The failure in my professional career troubled me little: shortly before my father's death, he persuaded me to become a member of the bar: I did so; and the eating of the dinners at term-time was the only Law Digest I ever troubled myself about.

I had, it is true, a gown and wig, and a bag for briefs, but the latter the moths had utterly destroyed some fifteen years since, and I did not find it necessary to procure another. I had regularly attended the Western Circuit twenty-eight years, and never had a client presumed to disturb my *otium cum dignitate*. Some impertinent persons may question the *dignitate*; the *otium*, however, was certainly mine. I had at first gone the circuit from a sort of vague idea of duty—latterly, it became a habit. I liked change of air twice a year, and the west of England is pleasant enough for a few weeks, for an idle man who has no calls in particular to any of the cardinal points. For many years—nearly twenty, I think—I had lodged in Wimpole Street. Mrs Davis was a good kind of woman, for a woman, and seldom annoyed me, except when her curiosity was excited. My habits, I suppose, would be called decidedly bachelor. I liked London better than any place in the world; I was born there, and mostly educated there. All my associations, my friends, and my habits, were connected with the metropolis. I was a member of one of the clubs; I went occasionally to the theatres or to public lectures; dabbled a little in science; read the reviews and periodicals, and found people to talk with about them. I had always a sort of inward domesticity about me, but it never went beyond a single arm-chair, the love of poking my own fire uncriticised, a witch's bonnet to make my own *negus in*, and an occasional friend who would drop in to help to drink it.

My sitting-room in Wimpole Street was cozy and comfortable—the furniture, the position of the house, the locality, seemed all identified with myself. If I could not dignify my *laxas* with the true title of household gods, they were not less dear to me because they might ignominiously have been termed lodging-house gods; nor need I to quarrel with my high-priestess, Mrs Davis, because she was vernacular instead of oracular. As to money-matters, I had so squared my expenditure that, at the end of the year, I generally found I had never less than £5, nor more than £10 in hand. This overplus I dropped periodically into the box for donations at the Middlesex Hospital.

My other charities were not numerous, if I may except the fact that I gave the sweeper at the crossing nearest my door the sum of twopence every Monday morning; and if that day chanced to be wet, the young rascal held out his hand on the following morning, with 'Please, your honour, I did not see your honour yesterday.'

Such was the 'even tenor of my way' during that period of my life when fortune had gently smiled upon me: the amiable goddess and myself now fairly laughed together—her gifts were of that boundless sort that makes a man for the time feel that he would save his worst enemy from hanging, and as if he would shake hands with the whole world. One's nature expands like a full-blown rose in the sunshine, and a 'hail-fellow-well-met' feeling anticipates the civilities of a passing acquaintance. Such were my feelings during the necessary interval between the announcement and the taking possession of my unexpected windfall.

I had sent my lawyer to settle all preliminaries at Langton Hall; and after the lapse of a few days, Mr Stevens informed me that my presence was desirable. I sent an answer by return of post, announcing my arrival (*D. V.*) on the following Thursday. It was not till I had despatched this letter that I informed Mrs Davis of the change in my circumstances, and my consequent evacuation of my long-occupied apartments in her house.

'Ah, sir,' said she, 'my mind misgave me when I saw you receive that black-edged letter. I knew it was from nobody that wrote to you in a general way; and your going so often to Mr Stevens, and not having dinners at home every day, and sending down a piece of a bottle of sherry, as if it was no more than New River water!—thinks I to myself, there's a change somehow come over Mr Gerrard. But la! sir, I'm sure, though I lose the best lodger I ever had, I do most sincerely wish you joy. Well, only think, and you going, sir, to live in a great country-house all by yourself! It's most a pity, as things have turned up, that you are not married, sir. I ask your pardon for my freedom, Mr Gerrard.'

'Mrs Davis, I never intend to marry. Please to dust that table,' I added, by way of stopping her loquacity on a subject I peculiarly disliked.

My landlady was not so easily abashed; she took up her apron and performed the desired service, at the same time observing: 'Well, sir, certain sure it will be most terribly lonesome without a lady. It isn't as it is in the town, where you can pop out, and a friend pop in, of a long winter-evening. I know what lonesomeness is in the country, where you have no neighbours but the trees, and scarce a Christian to speak to but the brute beasts. We kept two cows, and lived in the country, you know, sir, where my poor dear John died; and I'll tell you how it was, sir, that he did die—all through the mistake of a country 'pothecary, who'—

'Yes, I remember perfectly your mentioning the circumstances, Mrs Davis. Is that my weekly account you have in your hand?' There was nothing I dreaded so much as the exclaiming of 'Poor dear John!' Peace be to his ashes, so long as they do not give rise to the garrulity of his relict.

Having stopped the narrative, and settled the account, I gave Mrs Davis a quarter of a year's rent, in consideration of her long services, and presented her with my tea-caddy, a pair of handsome decanters and plated spirit-stand, together with a Pembroke side-table I had once bought cheap at a sale. She was all gratitude. I shook hands with her at parting; and as she wiped her left eye with the corner of her apron, she observed she hadn't felt so much since poor John died from taking the wrong mixture.

As I gave a last survey of my little drawing-room and my accustomed place by the window in summer and the fire in winter, I felt how pleasant it had been; but quickly succeeded a feeling of self-devotion to my new position, with all the dignified duties of a man of substance. The railway took me within seven miles of my future home; I had never been in that part of the country before. A carriage and pair from the

principal hotel was waiting for me at the station, and I soon found myself rolling towards Langton Hall. The shades of evening were rapidly closing in; the country seemed rather picturesque; I looked from side to side as long as the darkening twilight permitted. At length the ascent of a tedious hill, with hedgerows as high as prison-walls, made me sink back, and I fell into a pleasing reverie of anticipation. I was interrupted by the postboy, who was walking by the side of his horses, coming to the window and saying: 'If it was a bit lighter, your honour, your honour could see Langton Hall, just right down there, over on the left, at the bottom of the hill.'

As it was not light, however, I could see nothing, but I looked vaguely into the obscurity of the evening landscape. The postboy soon mounted to his place, and the horses went off briskly. At that moment the burst of a merry peal of bells saluted my ears not unpleasantly. Louder and louder they sounded as we approached Langton. Suddenly the horses stopped; I looked out to see what was the matter; we were at the lodge. The gate was opened by three people, all anxiously pressing forward to perform the service; and four or five others stood at the door of the lodge, vainly straining their eyes to see beyond the glare of the candle which a woman held right before her own eyes—women always do, I observe. We soon passed the group of gazers, and I found myself driven under an avenue of trees, whose dark trunks stood in bold relief against the clear, cold sky. The church was evidently near the house, for the clang of the bells grew louder. In another moment I saw lights passing from window to window, and immediately the carriage drew up at the portico. The entrance-door flew open, and a whole retinue of servants filled the capacious hall. My lawyer and friend, Mr Stevens, came out to welcome me. My small amount of personal property was speedily seized on by three or four officious men-servants, who conveyed a small portmanteau, and still smaller carpet-bag, ceremoniously into the house. A kind of shyness overcame me; I did not like so many people about me. Whichever way I looked, it seemed as if half a score of female domestics stood courtesying before me; my head moved like a Chinese mandarin in acknowledgment of these oppressive civilities. To say the truth, I was uncommonly glad when I found myself alone with Stevens in the dining-room. There was no fire, for it was yet early in the autumn, and the polished oak-floors and wainscots seemed to defy the light of four candles. The room was large and well furnished, and I looked round with some complacency.

'It is a capital house, from the garret to the cellar,' observed Stevens.

'It appears so,' I replied; 'everything seems very comfortable—very comfortable indeed.'

But, in spite of this asseveration, I did not exactly feel that it was very comfortable.

'And here is the library,' said Stevens, throwing open an adjacent door. The room looked awfully solemn in the partial illumination of our candles. 'And here,' said my companion, 'this is the drawing-room—is it not handsome?—such an air of ancient respectability about it.'

'It is very handsome—all very handsome, Stevens; but the rooms are so deucedly large, I shall feel lost in them. I hope there is some small room facing the south, where I can make a snuggerly for myself.'

'Oh, to be sure,' said Stevens; 'there is everything in this house you can possibly want. Let me shew you the principal bedrooms. There! is not that a splendid staircase?'

It was all very splendid; but I thought there was a want of comfort and homeliness; but then, I am one of those people who, if suddenly placed in Paradise, would feel strange and uncomfortable, and

wish themselves back to earth again from the mere force of habit.

I will pass over all the details of the house and grounds, as they appeared to me the following morning under the influence of a bright sunshine. It is easy to picture a handsome old country residence, placed in the centre of a small but picturesque park; and let any one of moderate income say whether he would not feel especially fortunate if he suddenly found himself the possessor of such a place, endowed with the wherewithal to keep it up.

The first week or two in my new house was entirely devoted to business. I arranged to keep all the servants of my predecessor; and this was my first mistake; for, after a while, I was reminded that such and such things had not been done in the time of their late master, and I found that the consumption of strong beer and beef had always been *ad libitum*. I generally conceded the point when a dispute arose, for my income was so ample for a bachelor, that it really did not seem worth while to cause discontent in the servants-hall for the sake of a few pounds a year. The three first visits I had the honour of receiving from my neighbours were from three rival medical men. The first of these possessed a priority of claim on my attention, for he had attended my deceased cousin; and to his want of foresight, perhaps, I was indebted for being heir-at-law to his intestate patient. My second medical visitor was a vulgar little man, who talked of nothing but pills and potions, except when he dilated more at large upon some horrible operation, which it had been his good-fortune to perform or assist at. He reminded me of the following lines:—

He seldom talked but of his trade,

Of lungs, of lights, of livers;

The living he carved, and gashed, and slashed,

And the dead he cut to shivers.

I felt a kind of horror when I glanced at the card of the third visitor, and perceived that it was another practitioner, Dr Leech. Surely, thought I, I must have presented a very unhealthy appearance yesterday at church, or these three worthies would not have been in such a very great hurry to pay their compliments, and make their expectations known to me. I began to fancy that the undertaker would be the next announced. However, my fourth visitor was one of that order who are supposed to care more for the soul than the body. The worthy rector of my parish did not lose much time in making my acquaintance. He expressed, in the course of conversation, the hope of finding me a better coadjutor in parochial reform than the late owner of Langton had been. He enlightened me as to a few of my cousin's peculiarities, which seemed to be characteristic of a reserved and unimpressible nature. I found that he had lived much to himself; keeping up a certain dignified state in his appointments and his household, but shunning sociability or intimacy. Part of his life he had spent abroad: whether he disliked the female sex as much as I did, I knew not, but he lived a bachelor-life at Langton Hall. My cousin, it appears, had been rather crotchety, and, as friends and relatives often do, we discussed his failings freely. The rector amused me with a few domestic anecdotes about my neighbours, and in a short time I found my mind localised into a gossiping dissertation on the merits and pretensions of half the families round. I found the rector a key to much useful knowledge. As the dinner-bell rang just as he was about to depart, I pressed him to remain, which he did; and we talked parochial and other matters over our port—for which I found my friend had a clerical liking.

The next day brought some of my more aristocratic neighbours to inspect the new-comer. We had few subjects in common. The squirearchy are not an

intellectual race; they form a sort of rear-guard to civilisation; their interests and ideas are local: they think more of the preservation of game than the enfranchisement of a state. I found my neighbours were not much frequenters of London; for in metropolitan circles a few thousands a year is a mere mediocrity of wealth, and the squire of ancestral acres has seldom much other claim upon the notice of society. Though true it is that society cares little for pedigree without patrimony, the genealogy of a race-horse is of more importance than that of the man who gives dinners. The individual who comes into the world without any cognizance of a grandfather, may give better champagne and venison than the descendant of one of the freebooters of William the Conqueror. What a god-send is our variable English climate to the inane conversation of the natives! My visitors were true chroniclers of the barometer; my politics, principles, and prejudices were unknown to them, and country society is not the sphere for that kind of mental friction which elicits truth. If a person does not conform to the orthodoxy of that part of the country he lives in, he is pronounced to be eccentric and peculiar, which means a great deal from the lips of the 'utterly respectable.'

The next horde of visitors were more definite in the expression of their sentiments. They were tenants, and wanted their rents lowered, their farmhouses repaired, and a host of grievances redressed. Country-life was new to me; I set about my work *con amore*. After toiling over my newly acquired acres, to inspect the wants of my tenant-rulers, I came to the conclusion, that if all I heard was true, the present was the worst season that had ever been known; that the agriculturists were the most ill-used interest in the country, and that my particular estate was singularly unproductive; that the rents were too high; and that the farm-buildings had been tumbling down for the last twenty years. I was told that the game destroyed the crops when in the ground, and the tithes and taxes swallowed up the greatest portion of that which was garnered. Very shortly, the industry of the whole neighbourhood was put in requisition, and I found myself maintaining an army of masons, bricklayers, and carpenters. Langton Hall itself required repair. A hurricane took place a few weeks after my installation there. After being rocked through the live-long night, my servant appeared early in the morning at my door, saying: 'If you please, sir, it has been a terrible night.'

'I should think I know that,' said I.

'Yes, certainly, sir; but, if you please, the whole stack of kitchen-chimneys has been blown down; the kitchen is full of bricks and mortar; the outhouses are a good deal damaged, and part of the stable-roof is blown off; the two elms at the east side of the house are rooted up; and I think, sir, there are not six whole panes of glass in the conservatory: altogether, there's a sight of mischief done by the wind, to be sure!'

'Well, anything else?' said I, flinging off my night-cap.

'No, sir; nothing in particular. I suppose the shoot has burst, for one side of the wall of the large drawing-room is streaming with wet, and the soot has come down the library-chimney all over the place.'

'Pleasant news this,' I remarked. 'Bring me the hot water; I must get up and see what can be done.'

In truth, I found that the elements had a kind of free republic at the picturesque altitude of Langton Hall. The witches in *Macbeth* might have found the neighbourhood vastly convenient, both as to time and place, for their meetings; and, to judge by the hullabaloo made nightly by bats, beasts, wind, and rain, one might suppose those ancient ladies had made the park their 'blasted heath.' I often sighed for the humanised noises of the rattling streets of London.

There is a sense of civilisation in the midnight rumbling of carriages, which gives a feeling of peopled security to one's slumbers; but to hear all night long those frightful owls interrogating the solitude with their eternal 'Who—who-oo!' as though asking the name of some spectral murderer from the dark night, is indeed horrible. Less supernatural horrors assail one in the morning, when you hear that a fox has carried off some choice water-fowl; or the poachers have snared some pheasants you had partially tamed, and that the garden had been cleared of all the early fruit and vegetables. O London! London! centre of civilisation, comfort, and economy, why was I induced to leave thee and competence? Why did my thoughtless cousin die without a will, and leave me heir-at-law to such a detestable possession as a country-house?

What are country neighbours but another word for conflicting interests? If the shadow of your trees fall upon another man's land, he is your enemy. If you are a new man in the country, he sneers at you; if you are the descendant of an old family, ten to one but there is an accumulation of the jealousies of your mutual progenitors. Now, in London, one never has neighbours; and, unless you happen to keep a lucifer-match manufactory, you are a subject of perfect indifference to the man who lives next door to you. In the country, one's respectability costs so much: whatever your income may be, you are obliged to keep up an establishment that runs away annually with something more, so that mortgage seems to be the all and end-all of 'a large country gentleman.' So folks are wont to call the squires of the land.

How friendship warms in the sunshine of prosperity! The post-bag rarely arrived without containing several congratulatory letters from people whom I had been in the habit of considering mere acquaintances. One hinted that a few days' shooting would be pleasant; another found that he should be in my neighbourhood, and would look in upon me for a day or two. I had shortly the pleasure of seeing my house full of visitors. But neither the dinner-parties these arrangements involved, nor the fact of seeing 'the hospitalities of Langton Hall' alluded to in the *County Chronicle*, reconciled me to the misery of having my habits disturbed and my quiet invaded.

As far as my neighbours were concerned, I was, of course, fêted by them. In vain do country-people arrange their dinner-parties for that date when the almanacs tell them the moon will lend her light; the moon, like other she-things, is obstinate, and always hides behind an impenetrable mass of dark clouds on those occasions.

So, on a January evening, when the 'air is murky,' you drive twelve miles in the dark to partake of a stiff pompous dinner, where the gastronomic labours are never seasoned by a *bon mot*, or lightened by a hearty laugh. We English are not a joyous nation; our amusements are solemn, exclusive, and ostentatious. At eleven o'clock, you are again in your carriage, driving homewards. But the coachman, having enjoyed himself more in the servants-hall than you did in the dining-room, gets oblivious, and drives into a ditch, about three miles from home. The carriage is broken, and one of the horses lamed; so you walk home the rest of the way in a dress-coat and thin boots, catch a severe cold, and wish country dinner-parties—somewhere else.

Besides the army of bricklayers, carpenters, masons, drainers, and miscellaneous labourers of all descriptions, who were repairing my farms and injuring my fortune, I found myself plagued to death by the disorders of my household. Though each individual domestic had his or her own way, so far as I was concerned, they were the most discontented crew I had ever the misfortune to see congregated under one roof. There is an old saying, that 'too many cooks spoil the broth;'

and so I thought when, one day, it was suddenly announced to me, on the eve of a dinner-party, that my cook made an addition to the population, without giving the slightest hint of her intention, or, for aught I can tell, knowing anything about it herself!

THE BROBDIGNAG CLOCK.

In the chief city of the empire of Brobdingnag—where, of course, everything is done upon a Brobdingnagian scale—they have recently been building a new palace for the use of the wise men of the nation, when they meet in deliberation upon the nation's affairs. There is one gate in this palace intended for the particular entrance of the monarch, which is I don't know how many hundred feet high—it makes ordinary mortal heads dizzy only to look at it—and close by the side of this gate they are now putting up a clock-case, which is by and by to admonish Brobdingnagian eyes in the matter of time. This clock-case is made after the good old fashion which came in soon after Adam, and which you, kind reader, are, I am sure, familiar enough with. I daresay you have seen half-a-dozen such clock-cases within the last hour—the long stiff parallelogram body, with the square-cornered hydrocephalic protrusion above, out of which stares the round imperturbable face, with the eye that never blinks when it looks at you, and with the flat features that never mean anything else but minutes and seconds whenever you may look at them. Such, then, is the *mode* of the new piece of furniture that has been added to this Brobdingnagian palace. The face of the clock-case is twenty-two feet across, and the case itself is so tall, that it will make even long necks ache, when they bow the wrong way, to pay their devotions to the divinity with the scythe. The only thing that is peculiar about the case itself, in addition to its size, is, that it is intended to be as lasting as it is large: it is made, not of wainscot, nor of mahogany, but of firm and solid stone.

Chancing, a few days since, to be walking down one of the chief thoroughfares of the capital of Brobdingnag, where I was on a short passing visit, this huge clock-case for the first time caught my eye some half mile off, peering up above the house-tops and chimneys of the neighbourhood. Now, I have had rather a mechanical turn from boyhood, and have always delighted in the doings of levers and wheels; so the idea came upon me at once that I must be true to the old traditions of my early life, and see how these things were managed in this city of the giants. Having, therefore, instituted the necessary inquiries, and found that the vitals of this horological monster, although organised, were at present undergoing a sort of probationary trial in a neighbouring place of retreat, I wended my way thither, and having made good use of the Englishman's admitted privilege, I very soon established a free-and-easy relation with the chief guardian of the mechanism, and, under his courteous and intelligent guidance, gained access to what I wished to see.

The temporary accommodation which has been provided as a sort of purgatorial residence for this future dweller in the palace, consists of little more than a large shed divided transversely, by means of a floor, into an upper and lower apartment. In the lower of these apartments, various insignia of the clock-making craft are scattered about; but at one side there descends through the floor, from above, the bob of the monster, swinging gently and sedately to and fro. This, as the reader is aware, is a very important constituent of the apparatus, although the only portion that is visible in these lower regions: upon the behaviour of the swinging pendulum mainly depends the accuracy of all time-keeping mechanism of large size. Some persons, indeed, hold that a clock is nothing more than a train of wheel-work, adapted for counting the beats of a swinging pendulum: this is not strictly

true, but, nevertheless, the pendulum here is well worth while pausing to contemplate. It is really a very weighty concern. Its bob alone weighs six hundredweights; its rod of suspension is fifteen feet long, and is of compound construction, to compensate for the disturbance of length caused by variations of atmospheric temperature, that arch-unsettler of terrestrial affairs. The rod is really composed of a tube of iron, carrying the bob below, and attached at the top to an outer tube of zinc; the two tubes being so proportioned to each other in length, that the one expands downwards just as much as the other expands upwards, upon accession of warmth. This massive pendulum swings from side to side once every two seconds. Its length is fixed for this rate of travelling; but the uninitiated observer is at first greatly surprised to notice how very small the distance is through which it swings. Impressed with the idea that a good, bold, downward rush would be a great help in giving force of movement, and therefore, he supposes, steadiness, he beholds with wonder this huge mass of metal dawdling lazily backwards and forwards through a space of only a very few inches, notwithstanding the length of its suspending-rod. The fact is, that breadth of sweep introduces an element of irregularity and imperfection into the movement of a pendulum, and hence all mechanics who concern themselves with the construction of very accurate time-measurers, do all they can to restrain this chief auxiliary of their labours within dignified movements and restricted excursions. The pendulum of a clock should never sweep in its beat through more than an arc of two degrees of a circle, estimated by angular measurement. For a pendulum thirteen feet long, a beat of two degrees would measure a small fraction more than five inches of absolute extent. This, therefore, serves to give a very good idea of how small the swing of this bob, of high and grave dignity, is. The intelligent mechanic who has endowed this swinging pendulum with its vibratory life, assured me that if it were set swinging in this sedate way, without any maintaining power being attached to it to keep it in movement, being merely left to its own devices and the simple influence of the earth's gravitation-pull, it would, nevertheless, continue its regular beat for nearly twenty-four hours before it lost its count and came to a stand.

Ascending to the upper apartment by means of a rude flight of steps, I entered upon the region of cranks and wheels; these, however, presented themselves before me in a very compact phalanx, and, if the truth be told, also in a very unlooked-for guise. A sort of long black mangle, with its fly-wheel multiplied into a series of three, all cogged and toothed at the circumference, was the only object I could discover. The top of the pendulum-rod came evidently up into some sort of close connection with the mangle, for I could see it joined thereto by a short strong spring, and swaying to and fro slowly at its side; but none of the wheels moved; they were all as fixed and stationary as if the mangle was waiting for some hand to come and set its machinery in operation by turning a winch or crank. Whilst, however, I was looking on, a good deal puzzled at the stillness, all at once the wheels seemed to have taken a new fit into their spokes and teeth, without the arrival of any hand to help them. The stillness changed into general movement—whirr, whirr, whirr; cogs rattled among cogs, and iron rims ran round amongst iron rims; then click—all was fixed and motionless again. The active fit had been a very transient one; it had endured less than half a beat of the heavy bob down stairs; still this transient fit had duly and orderly advanced the business of the machine. The meaning of the proceeding was simply this: on the ground that there could be no object in having the hand of a clock up 220 feet high in the air travel continuously on, when a good telescope would be

required to make its progress perceptible at all, it had occurred to the artist who planned the machine, that it would be better to cause the hand to make a leap, which could be there seen at certain convenient intervals, so that the leap might really mark some determinate instant in the hour. It was clearly better that the observer should be absolutely sure of his time every half-minute, than that he should be uncertain about it through the entire minute. The arrangement has consequently been made, that this leap shall be taken by the hand of the clock at the lapse of each half-minute. During fifteen beats of the long two-seconds' pendulum, all excepting itself, and one or two small parts connected with its top, stands still; but then, by the last of the fifteen beats, a detent is freed; the wheels whirl round, and the minute-hand makes its jump, to stop again in its new position, until another fifteenth beat starts it once more. Each half-minute jump of the end of the long eleven-feet hand will be seven inches in length; the dial of the clock will be so vast that there will be fourteen inches on its face between every contiguous pair of minute-dots; the hour-figures themselves will be nearly seven feet asunder. At the distance of 220 feet below, this seven-inch jump of the extremity of the hand will be distinctly observable, even to ordinary eyes; and ordinary men, when they see it, will set their watches, and go on their way rejoicing that they can be punctual to even an instant, if they are so inclined.

But the feature which proved to me the most interesting in this leviathan clock remains to be told. A pendulum would be alone a sufficient time-keeper, without any maintaining power being adapted to it to continue its movements, if there were no extraneous force at work tending to weaken, and finally to stop its swing. It would go on, when once started, beating seconds or double seconds, as the case might be, for months or years, and would only need wheel-work to be connected with it as a counter of its vibrations, to save the personal trouble of having a living reckoner constantly watching and doing the same thing with his eye. But there are two mischievous powers which conspire to prevent this result: little particles of air are constantly crowding themselves in the way of the swinging bob, and have to be vigorously pushed out of its path; and little particles of metal, or roughnesses, are constantly presenting themselves where the pendulum-rod is hung at top, and scratching or scraping themselves against it, although the workman has done his best to make the two conjoined surfaces as smooth as tools can effect. In ordinary clock-work, these retarding interferences are overcome and compensated for in this way: a heavy weight is wound by a cord upon a barrel, and is left there suspended, pulling the barrel round to unwind the cord from it, and get back to the ground; but this barrel is connected with the train of toothed and notched wheels, so that it can only get round just so fast as they permit. One of these wheels has its teeth fixed so, that a piece of metal, connected with the top of the pendulum, and shaped something like the claw of an anchor, projects on each side between two of them; then, as the pendulum swings from side to side, these anchor-like projections, or pallets, as they are called, alternately strike into and free themselves from the notches on either side of the wheel. The swinging of the pendulum regulates the rate at which the wheels are allowed to go round; but as the wheels are dragged round by the weight that is hanging on the barrel, the teeth of the wheel connected with the anchor of the pendulum give it a push as they are disengaged from its ends, and so communicates just as much moving power to the swinging part as it is deprived of by the opposition of friction.

But here a difficulty comes into play: any little irregularity that affects the movements of the wheel-work, alters the force of the push that the teeth of the

last wheel communicate to the pendulum, and so a variation in rate is introduced. In this great clock, however, a plan has been pursued which leaves the mechanism free from this imperfection. The attempt has been made to give the push by the agency of a power that is, on account of its own intrinsic nature, absolutely unvarying. On each side of the pendulum-rod, a sort of small metallic hammer is hung upon a peg. The swinging of the pendulum first draws out a little bolt, that stopped the turning of a wheel; the wheel then goes round, under the influence of the weight, lifting one of the little hammers, as it does so, until it is caught by another bolt. The hammer-head next falls by its own gravity, and strikes the pendulum-rod just as it is in the act of descending, communicating the force of its blow to quicken the movement; the same thing is afterwards repeated on the opposite side of the vibration, and then again on the same side; so going on alternately. But the blow that is given to the pendulum depends upon nothing but the force of the hammer, which is lifted up by the train of wheel-work, and then descends with a strength that is exactly proportioned to its weight; but as this weight does not vary by the fraction of a grain, the blow never alters; its push is unchanging, and always the same in amount. The wheel has three stops and cogs on it, and goes once round in three beats of the pendulum, or in six seconds. This, therefore, continues without cessation; the massive pendulum sways to and fro, and the little hammers above, hammer away on the sides of its rod. All very simple and natural, truly. But the strange part of the proceeding is the difference of the masses of the two agents that combine to defeat the conspiracy which is in force against the perfection of the machine. The bob of the pendulum, as has been stated, is a vast lump of metal of six hundredweights; but the hammers that tap away on the sides of its rod are little strips of iron, weighing probably some one or two ounces at the most. The slight tap every two seconds of this small fragment of metal is sufficient to keep the huge swinging giant up to his work. This beautiful contrivance—now technically known as the gravity escapement—is of the highest importance in the practical applications of the science of horology; for it is found that when it is employed, all the teeth of the several wheels may be rough, just as turned out from the casting, and the clock will nevertheless keep better time than it would have done with the most perfectly finished teeth under other arrangements. It removes the necessity, too, for employing such heavy pendulums and weights as were otherwise needed, for the only object of these was the rendering the movements of the clock as independent as possible of trifling accidental disturbances. Nevertheless, the great principle at the bottom of all even rates in clock proceedings, is to have plenty of length and weight in the swinging portion of the machinery. A clock with a pendulum beating two seconds, and weighing four hundredweights, goes *thirty-two times* as well as a clock with a pendulum beating single seconds, and weighing half a hundredweight, all other things being the same.

The reason why, in this leviathan clock, the pendulum has been made so massive is, that there will be so much resistance occasionally offered to its moving parts: there will be four dials, of twenty-two feet diameter, on the top of its lofty case. The mere variation in the resistance of the wind, acting at the extremity of the eleven-feet long-hands in these several dials, would have been alone enough to have deranged considerably the swinging of a less solid and determined bob. A large clock is really a very interesting object, in a philosophical light, when the matter is fairly considered. Let us see how it stands in this case. A weight is wound up by means of a cord rolled round a barrel; the weight hangs dangling and

pulling at the barrel, in its natural desire to get down to the ground. A train of wheel-work, and a huge mass of swinging metal, are set to prevent its doing so in haste, and, consequently, it makes the best of a hard necessity, and goes down slowly; but, as it does so, it whirls the ends of long light rods round and round with extreme regularity in the circumference of wide circles. The weight that keeps the large palace-clock going will be wound up probably some 200 feet, but in descending this 200 feet, it will make the extremities of the four minute-hands—to say nothing of their hour-companions—sweep through a weary journey of some 45,000 feet—equivalent to something like eight miles and a half. In these affairs, there is no creation of power—it is all matter of fair barter and exchange: the thing that carries round the hands of the large clock on the dial, is really the force of the men's arms which wind up the clock. That force is hung up for the time in the suspended weight, and only slowly escapes from its imprisonment, as the weight descends, by slowly oozing out through the ends of the creeping hands. A great effort is made in a short time, to produce a slight effort extended over a long time; and, by the way, in the Brobdiagnag clock it is a great effort that is made, for the winding-up, which will be done once a week, will require more than half a day's incessant turning of the winch to accomplish it. This vast labour will, however, be in a great measure required on account of the striking-machinery that will be connected with the going part.

Striking-machinery! and how do Brobdiagnag clocks strike? Why, of course, as giants should strike—with vigour and power. The bell on which the blow falls will be eight feet high, and nine feet wide, and will weigh fifteen tons—three times as much as the great bell of St Paul's. The hammer which makes the blow will weigh four hundredweights, and its stroke will be equivalent to a gentle tap of a ton and a half. Wo to the Brobdiagnag hand that attempts to arrest the Brobdiagnag notification of hours! The very teeth in the wheel-work of the striking-movement, when at rest, will be resisting the dragging of half a ton. As the winding-up of this clock will of necessity occupy so long an interval, a very curious contrivance has been adopted to stop the winding, independently of all interference from the operators or attendants, whilst the striking of the hours and quarters is in progress. The clock will take care, in this respect, to protect itself from accident and harm.

Some curious readers will probably like to know that the ingenious and skilful maker of this Brobdiagnag clock is Mr Dent, of the Strand. Few will need to be told that the palace which is to be its final destination, although not final resting-place, is the Palace of Westminster.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.*

AMERICA has not yet produced her great poet, who shall be ranked with 'earth's immortal few'; nor was it to be expected: the Homers, Dantes, and Shakespeares, are not born in the first century of their country's existence. The beauty of external nature alone will not bring forth great poets, or America might by this time have outdistanced Europe. In no part of the world does Nature appear grander, or more gracious, or richer in inspiration and the elements of beauty. In her mountain majesty, her rolling seas of prairie-land, her cataracts that thunder everlastingly, her magnificent forests, her great rivers—she is there without a rival. But although these things have their influence on the human mind, it is human life, with its mingled experiences, its glooms and glories, its sorrows

and aspirations, its pain and passion, its sufferings and rejoicings, that inspires great poetry. And it is only out of a distinct, mature, and lusty national life that a national poet can come. It is in the fields of a great past, that have been trampled and ploughed, and furrowed by struggles for national life and liberty, enriched and ennobled by long human toiling, watered by sweat, and tears, and blood, that poetry strikes its deepest root, and flowers to its loftiest height. America has but little of such a past. She is in the same position as a young poet who has had but a very limited experience. The builder can only build according to his materials. We cannot look upon Longfellow as a great poet—we who are accustomed to Milton, Shakespeare, and Burns; nevertheless, he is the best we could expect of a young country like America—under the circumstances, as we say—the best, certainly, she has hitherto produced.

We take Longfellow to be the most popular poet living. We believe his poems sell more, and are read more, than any other. His poetry is just the perfection of the happy medium: he has hit the golden mean. He has not great creative power, nor a large shaping imagination; he does not exhibit much force of passion, and seldom reaches the sublime; but he has so much quiet beauty and tenderness, and is so peculiarly felicitous in appealing to the moral nature through the imagination, that the heart warmly welcomes him as a pleasant and genial guest. He is unequalled in setting to noble music some brave sentiment that runs through the soul of universal humanity; and this is one great cause of the wide human sympathy which greets his poems. He has also a perfect mastery of expression necessary for his purpose; herein he is a great artist. Everything he sets his hand to is turned out finely finished; in this respect we should rank him next to Alfred Tennyson. He has no fine frenzies, treads no perilous heights, sounds no dim unfathomed depths; but he goes on the even tenor of his way, with delightful ease and quiet sense of sufficient power to bear the burden of his song. In his style, we seem to hear the melodious murmurings of happy contentedness.

In *Hiawatha*, Longfellow has gone right away from European subjects and their second-hand influences, which have hitherto mingled so largely in American poetry, and struck out a new and rich vein in the poetic mine. He has turned to the past of his country, as it peers out of the backwoods and hunting-grounds of the red man—to that past, so fertile in legend and mystery. He has endeavoured to give the world America's first written epic, and for that purpose has chosen Indian life and love for his subject—we think, with marked success. If he has not done a great thing, he has achieved no mean triumph: he has sung a new song, and opened up novel vistas; and these things are not to be slightly estimated at the present time.

To enjoy *Hiawatha* poetically, or judge it critically, we must take the poet's stand-point, or rather the Indian point of view. It is an Indian Edda. All its features are Indian—from the legends which are strung together in a rosary of homely beauty, to the simple manner of telling it. The poem, save in the introduction, is altogether representative of a peculiar people, their history, traditions, life, and manners; and as such we must accept it. We take it to be eminently characteristic and illustrative of Indian life and scenery. The cunning and simplicity, exaggeration and love of the wonderful, which belong to the races of the red men, together with much of their forest experience, is admirably transmuted into poetic form. The measure, which at first seemed trivial and monotonous, grows on the reader, and in the end seems perfectly adapted to the purpose. It is the very simplest possible, but managed with such artistic mastery that it never becomes wearisome.

* *The Song of Hiawatha*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Bogue. 1855.

Hiawatha is a hero of miraculous birth and attributes in Indian tradition, somewhat akin to the mythological personages, the Cadmus and Thors of other nations. He comes among them as the teacher and deliverer, and personifies man in his warfare with the brute-forces of nature. He is a type of strength, nobleness, and beauty; he goes forth to conquest, and returns from each struggle as a victor. This is how he happened to be born: His grandmother, whose name was Nokomis, was sporting with her women—

Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight.

From a full moon she fell, and a daughter, Wenonah by name, was the result of her fall. The beautiful Wenonah was the mother of Hiawatha; the West-wind was his father. His mother dies very young, and his childhood is nursed by Nokomis. She tells him many a legend and tale of wonder, in reply to his curious inquiries; among other beautiful things, she describes the rainbow—

'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there.
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.

Hiawatha grows and becomes strong enough to handle the bow; he goes into the forest with his bow and arrows: here the description is peculiarly *naïve*, but we fancy it very true to the experience of many an incipient sportsman. He is only a child, and the birds sing round him in playful mockery.

'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!
Sang the opechee, the robin,
Sang the blue-bird, the owaisa,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, adjiclaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing:
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leapt aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear, and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter:
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'

But we do think Mr Longfellow must have been drawing the long-bow when he tells us of his hero—

He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!

One of the most beautiful legends which is woven into the tissue of this poem, is the origin of the maize, or Indian corn. Hiawatha prays to the 'Master of life' to send down some other food besides fish, flesh, fruit, and fowl, and the Master sends down Mondamin.

And he saw a youth approaching
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendour of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

He tells Hiawatha he must wrestle with him; for three days they wrestle—

Then he smiled, and said: 'To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,

Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above.'

This conflict of four days' duration simply amounts to thrashing the corn, but it is exquisitely told. Our hero vanquishes Mondamin.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded.
Not forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.
Day by day they watched beside it,
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud: 'It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin.'

Among Hiawatha's feats, he wins 'Laughing Water' for his wife. The description of his wooing and his bride is tender and charming. Here is a love-song, sung at his wedding-feast, which we believe is translated from an Indian original. It is filled and fragrant with a flower-like tenderness—

Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!
If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!
Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the moon when leaves are falling.
Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the moon when nights are brightest?
When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!
When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.
Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose my way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!
I myself! myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!

We shall not be able to follow Hiawatha through his many marvellous adventures; nor is it necessary; many of our readers will be already acquainted with them, and we hope to induce others to become so.

In Indian mythology, as in that of Greece, we find the same personification and deification of the forces of nature, and many of them are touchingly beautiful. The Legends of the Winds, Spring and Winter, the Legend of the Strong, are finely poetical.

Mr Longfellow has conscientiously worked in the true spirit of his subject. He has been most successful in his representation of Indian life and customs, but

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not so successful in his descriptions of scenery; here we might have expected a new world of colour and rich sensuous influence. After reading the descriptions of Humboldt and others of those grand American forests where stands 'Magnificence dreaming,' and the wealth of the seasons is poured out in manifold, mingling, changing colours, we feel Mr Longfellow's allusions to them, in *Hiawatha's* forest-wanderings, as bare enumerations of generalities.

Mr Longfellow has been greatly indebted to Mr Schoolcraft, an American author, who has made many researches among all that appertain to the Indian tribes of the United States, their history, condition, and traditions; and he has made good use of what materials he borrowed. We take *Hiawatha* to be one of the most decided poetic successes of the late prolific publishing seasons.

MEMORIALS OF A FRIEND OF MINE.

It is a week since my friend died—the friend that loved me better than he did all the world beside, and it is fit and right that I should mourn him. His large eyes, dim and feeble enough, poor fellow, were fixed on me to the last with a tender regard; no clergyman and no doctor came between us at his last moments; and with a sigh, more expressive of regret than pain, he departed. As human years go, he was not old; but, counting by dogs' years, he was a patriarch, and I had known him from his earliest youth—I was about to write 'from a puppy,' but I remember how that word is liable to misconception. Jock was never a dandy, never sniffed the air as though it was not good enough for his delicate sensibilities, but rather as if, on the contrary, he liked it; never, so far as I know, wore an eye-glass; never looked but with canine horror on a cane; and never filled anybody with that desire which the sight of a modern drawing exquisite always engenders, to give him 'a glass of sherry and a kick behind.'

He was not half such a beast as many men, not less useful, and infinitely more sagacious; and he certainly was not a sporting character. My cousin, whose property Jock first was, became disgusted with him from this last circumstance; and when the regiment was ordered to India, he left him behind in my care, with injunctions to 'break him in,' and make a good pointer and retriever of him; and so I did, in a sort of way, for he used to point at frogs and butterflies, when sitting; and he retrieved most capably—gloves, for instance.

Notwithstanding his defects, however, he was a very popular dog in his regiment, the Crushers, and had been even wont to march at the head of their band on great occasions. Whenever he heard music play, to the very last, he would step out in some attempt at keeping time with it, at all events quite as well as I could do it; and he never lost this other soldier-like quality—he always detested Jews. He had been accustomed to sit outside Cousin George's barrack-rooms with certain instructions regarding duns—such as a sentry receives before taking his post in a beleaguered city—and suspicious-looking persons were pretty sure to be bitten. He liked beggars, for he had a warm and pitying heart, but not gentlemen with mosaic studs and hooks to their noses: he always wanted to hang himself on to the hooks. When he first came to me, he could take his glass of sherry or two without inconvenience, and even smoke a mild cigar; but he lost those habits very soon, nor do I think he ever really cared for dissipation: he only practised it to oblige George, and for the sake of good-companionship.

When we were merely acquainted, through seeing him at my cousin's, and long before we became such fast friends as afterwards, I used to take great interest in Jock and his sporting troubles. I hate shooting

myself, or anything else of the kind, and was a good deal bored in Berkshire with walking through wet turnips after George and the keeper; but it was nothing to what Jock suffered.

It was 'J-o-o-o-ck, confound you, J-o-o-o-o-ck!' at the top of their voices, all day long, until they gave it up through hoarseness; and I used to try my hand, which, as Jock always knew there was a bun in it, generally succeeded. The fact is, he had no notion of doing things by rule and compass, but roved over the whole field—two fields very often—at his own sweet will, without regard to the mysterious sounds and signs in those cases made and provided by sportsmen. He did not care to stand on three legs—unless when fatigued—and stare at a covey, but he would dash right into the middle of it, on spec of bagging his own particular bird; and having been successful on one or two occasions, he was the harder to cure. George always fired at him point-blank, whenever it occurred; but, being generally unsteady through anger, and a long way off, he didn't hit him hard, or often. Jock would wait a bit after these shots, to see whether he was killed or not, perhaps, and then cut away with his bird to some secluded dining-place: he always brought us back religiously—the dear old beast!—the legs. George never had the heart to beat him when he used to come up to us all sideways, with his tail a little depressed, and the legs sticking out of his mouth like tusks; and as for me, I would lay down my gun to hug him and give him bun. Wise, however, as my friend was from his youth up, he always displayed weakness in the matter of hares. Short in the wind as he was—from the sherry and cigars, I think—and by no means naturally speedy, no sooner was a hare started, than off went Jock in pursuit. Miles and miles he'd run, losing ground with every stride, and barking, although he had no breath to lose, the whole way. This was very foolish of Jock; but there was, of course, no use in reasoning with him. I told my uncle so one day, who said: 'Reason with him? I'd cut him to the heart with my whip,' a sentiment which accounted to me for Jock's inveterate hostility to my revered relative. He got, indeed, a good deal bullied by sporting people generally, and liked no September days so well as its Sundays. There was a sedate and sober air about him as he walked with us to the church-doors, that contrasted favourably with the behaviour of the other dogs: those heathens would have been at the birds all the week round, if they could; nevertheless, I was one day very nearly laughing in sermon-time through Jock; for, getting tired of waiting outside in the church-yard, he climbed up to the window of our pew, and hung to the ledge by his chin and his fore-feet. I saw him, and he saw me, for his shoulders moved as though his tail was wagging away behind, and I knew that somebody else would see him presently, and that there would be a row; and indeed my aunt, turning round upon a sudden during the sketching of a very dreadful picture from the pulpit, took his black paws, and black and tan countenance, as belonging to the enemy of mankind himself, and screamed accordingly. Poor Jock got exorcised in a manner which, had he been my dog, I would not have permitted, and he never looked again into even so much as a meeting-house.

I think, when George went abroad and bequeathed me this treasure, Jock was not more than four years old; and yet I called him 'Old Jock' from the very first; just as one calls undergraduate friends at college 'old' this and that, out of love for them. Indeed, when people leave off being called by their intimates 'old,' it is an indubitable sign that they are approaching middle age at least; and perhaps when one gets portly, and rather tun-like, it is disagreeable to be called 'Old Tom,' for instance, as though we were something shocking to drink.

Poor Old Jock! He came to me first in a hamper from Southampton, and I never shall forget his delight at seeing me: in the first place, he was immensely glad to get out; and secondly, sadly in want of sympathy and kindness. He had endeavoured to attach himself to the guard of the coach—the red-coat had been always a friend to him before, poor fellow—and had been repulsed with scorn; and, moreover, there was a Jew on the box-seat. At my little place in Wiltshire, where I lived so much alone, he was very welcome. I attribute my present happiness—I am a bachelor—almost entirely to Jock's intervention; he who prevented me from falling into the arms of the eldest Miss Torpid—who rescued me, I may say, like the celebrated animals of the St Bernard, from that mass of snow, whereupon I might otherwise, through sheer weariness, have reclined for life. One must walk with somebody in the country, and I had been walking with Miss Torpid; but Jock turned out to be far better company, and never indulged in quotations from Lavater as she did every day; that is to say, one quotation, which seemed to her never to wear out, about music and children. She never read anything, and never recollected anything she heard, so that I think she must have got this up out of a pocket Lacon, or an advertisement perhaps, on purpose to charm me: it was brought in neck and crop, and apropos to nothing; but I always knew when it was coming, by a short dry cough that ushered it in.

'Henry,' she would say after the cough—and observe by the 'Henry' that matters had nearly come to a crisis—'Henry, are you fond of music?'

'Yes, my dear Miss Torpid, very;' for I had not got so far with her as she had with me, and am prepared to swear in any court in Christendom that I never called her Susan.

'Ay, and so am I; and of natural music more than any other.' (Pause and cough.) 'Are you fond of children, Mr Brown?'

'Yes, my dear, I am passionately fond,' I would reply. 'And I, too, Henry. Do you recollect what Lavater says upon those subjects?'

'No, my love, I don't think I do.' (I am inclined to believe that this was the most terrible falsehood ever spoken for eight-and-forty days successively.)

'Banish him afar,' he writes, 'from your presence who dislikes music and the laugh of a child.'

If I attempted to vary the monotony of these remarks by saying, as I did sometimes, that I did not like music, and abhorred children, she would say: 'Nor do I, my dear Mr Brown: I never could bear them. Lavater seems to be wrong in that celebrated sentiment of his, "Banish him afar from your presence who dislikes music and the laugh of a child."'

Sometimes, in despair, I used to say I didn't know; I didn't understand music, and I had never had any children. Then she would declare she didn't know either—how should she?—but she was content to take it on faith from Lavater, who wrote upon this matter, 'Banish'—

'My dear Miss Torpid, I know the sentence perfectly well.'

Did I, indeed? How charming! Well, she wasn't sure that she did; she would repeat it, and I would be good enough to correct her, if she was wrong. 'Banish him afar from your presence who dislikes music and the laugh of a child.'

Well, I banished her afar from my presence—and perhaps, there's no knowing, the laugh of a child also—thanks to Jock. I taught him—for he would learn anything that was not the mere professional business of a dog to learn—to howl in the most terrible fashion at the lifting up of my finger; and as soon as ever Lavater came uppermost in that dreary conversation-wheel of ours, my ally would raise such a discord for twenty minutes as never was heard before.

'Dear me, Mr Brown, I can't think what you can see to like in that ugly dog of yours: one can't speak for him. I was about to observe' (I knew) 'that that famous sentiment of Lav'— Up went the howl again like the yell of an imprisoned spirit; and I don't think that miserable quotation was ever brought to a finish. Upon the question of parting with Jock, we disagreed; and I managed to work myself backwards out of the matrimonial noose with success, and without an action.

My friend and I never quarrelled; not a growl nor a cross word ever passed between us; not even on the rare occasions when he would return from some unlicensed victualling expedition, and lay his little offering at my feet, the legs—always the legs—of ducks and chickens. Once, and once only, he brought with him what I could not conceal from myself must have been the tail of a cat; but I refrained from taking any notice, and Jock, with excellent taste and fine sagacity, dropped the subject of his own accord. We sat together many a year through the long dark winter evenings; I in my arm-chair with a book, and he nestling his honest chops in my disengaged hand, or coiled in a circle on the hearth-rug, regarding me with a devoted expression in his half-shut eyes. I would utter my thoughts aloud, or address myself directly to him, and because he could not speak—although he understood everything quite well—he would climb up my knees, and whine, and kiss my hand. At midnight or so, he would accompany me round the house, to see that all was right; and until lately, when his loss of teeth prevented it, delighted to fasten all the lower bolts himself. Finally, upon the counterpane about my feet the beloved animal would take his innocent rest. That 'dog's-sleep' of his was a deep slumber; and he never used to 'hunt in dreams,' I'll answer for it. On one night only—the same on which he brought home the cat's tail—he had a nightmare. From what I could gather from his broken sentences while thus distressed, he must have dreamed something of this kind: he was going about the village with a muzzle on, because it was July; and he met a sporting Jew, who tied his legs together, while a military band was playing a tune he couldn't march to, called *The Tortoise-shell Tom Cat*.

The summer was our sporting season, rather than the winter or autumn; we killed serpents and field-mice, or blue-bottle flies in the drawing-room, if it was wet, and sometimes we had a 'bag' hedgehog, and turned him out on the lawn. I never would permit the hedgehog to be hurt, but only made him shew off Jock's sagacity in the combat.

Then we fished together—absolutely together—Jock taking hold of one end of a drag-net, and I the other; or I fished, and Jock sat in the boat and steered. He could not manage tiller-ropes very well, but he would hang his dear old tail into the water, and move it to this or that side, as I requested, like a rudder. He used to hunt a couple of swans about, too, a good deal, but in a very friendly and unmischievous manner.

I have thus simply and truthfully narrated the more salient of my friend's characteristics—his wisdom, his wit, and his general agreeableness; but I cannot narrate, for pen could not write it, his affection for, and devotion to his friend. O curled and scented puppies, of whatsoever race ye be—ye sleek ones that kennel in the Inner Temple, or you too hairy poodles who bask in the front of your St James's Clubs—despise not my honest hound! You dull white-chested dogs, dangling your heavy chains after your meal at evening, or (broiled) bones at night, what would you not have given for the post-prandial expression of the countenance of my friend? It combined the stolidity of the banker with the serenity of the divine, and would have been security in itself for the solvency of any moderate

concern. And yet he broke at last, or, rather, fell away bit by bit; his ears seemed to hang heavily as hollyhocks, and to grow longer and longer, and his breath to grow shorter and shorter, until his 'course of bark' came utterly to an end. All medicines failed to strengthen him; but the sound of my voice and the touch of my hand were as the elixir of life to him to the last. I closed his eyes myself, not with pennies—for he never cared for pennies—but with buns; I wrapped him up in the rug he slept in so many evenings, and dug him a grave in the flower-plot with the stick he used to fetch and carry. 'Jock' is the one word over his grave, and this short stanza—

Tread softly here—'tis holy ground,
For love hath dwelt in this poor household.

And I shall never grudge the money for his tombstone.

YOUTH OF A PHILOSOPHER.

SOMETIME previous to the death of the late M. Arago, an unauthorised and incorrect account of his early life having been issued by some adventurous French publishers, he thought it fit to prepare a more accurate and truthful history, in the form of an autobiography, entitled the *History of my Youth*; so that the world might not be thereafter misled by the vague tales and shadowy traditions which would be otherwise likely to pass current respecting his early education and pursuits. This autobiography has lately been translated by the Rev. Baden Powell, as a part of the collected writings of the author, which Messrs Longman & Co. have made arrangements with his representatives for publishing. The publication of the scientific and philosophic portion of these writings has not been yet commenced; but the publishers, thinking the recollections of the life of such a man as Arago would have an interest for general readers, this work has been issued by anticipation as a part of their *Traveller's Library*.* In that shape, doubtless, the work will in due time obtain a considerable circulation; but in the meanwhile, as good books are not always known immediately, we may perhaps be doing some of our readers a service by presenting them with a glimpse of its contents. Our brief analysis, and the few extracts that may accompany it, will tend, we presume, to make the work more extensively known and appreciated than might otherwise be the case; and this must be taken as our justification for presenting any notice in these columns of a book issued in so cheap and popular a form.

Francis Arago was born on the 26th of February 1786, in the commune of Estagel, an ancient province of Roussillon (department of the Eastern Pyrenees). His father, a licentiate in law, had some little property in arable-land, in vineyards, and in plantations of olive-trees, with the income from which he supported a numerous family. An idle story has been circulated that Francis grew up to the age of fourteen or fifteen without having learned to read; but for this story there is no foundation, as he himself tells us he was sent early to the primary school in Estagel, and there acquired the rudiments both of reading and writing, besides receiving at home some private lessons in vocal music. He displayed, however, no precocity of talent, but appeared to those around him as a lad of mere average capacity.

His boyhood falling in the memorable Revolution-days, Estagel was a halting-place for troops coming from the interior on their way to Perpignan, or to the army of the Pyrenees. His father's house was therefore constantly full of officers and soldiers. This,

joined to the lively excitement occasioned in him by the Spanish invasion, inspired the boy with such decided military tastes, that his family was obliged to have him narrowly watched, to prevent his joining the soldiers that passed through Estagel. It often happened that they caught him at a league's distance from the village, already on his way with the troops. 'On one occasion,' says he, 'these warlike tastes had nearly cost me dear. It was the night of the battle of Peiros-Tortes. The Spanish troops, in their retreat, had partly mistaken their road. I was in the square of the village before daybreak. I saw a brigadier and five troopers come up, who, at the sight of the tree of liberty, called out: "Somos perdidos!" I ran immediately to the house to arm myself with a lance which had been left there by a soldier of the *levée en masse*, and placing myself in ambush at the corner of a street, I struck with a blow of this weapon the brigadier, placed at the head of the party. The wound was not dangerous; a cut of the sabre, however, was descending to punish my hardihood, when some countrymen came to my aid, and, armed with forks, overturned the five cavaliers from their saddles, and made them prisoners. I was then seven years old.'

M. Arago having gone, some time afterwards, to reside at Perpignan as treasurer of the mint, all the family quitted Estagel and followed him. Francis was then placed as an outdoor pupil at the municipal college of the town, where the classical authors of his country appear to have become the objects of his favourite reading. The direction of his studies was, however, suddenly changed by a circumstance which appears to have determined his future destiny. Walking one day on the rampart of the town, he observed an officer of engineers who was directing the execution of some repairs. This officer being a very young man, Francis had the hardihood to approach him, and to ask him how he had succeeded in so soon attaining to so important a position. The young man explained that he came from the Polytechnic School; and on further inquiry, Arago learned that this school might be entered by any one who was able to pass a prescribed examination. From that moment he abandoned the classes of the central school, where he had been taught to admire Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, and other celebrated authors, to attend in future only the mathematical course.

Unluckily, in this department, the school was but indifferently supplied with teachers. The mathematical tutor was an ancient ecclesiastic, the Abbé Verdier, a very respectable sort of man, but whose knowledge was wholly elementary. Young Arago soon perceived that M. Verdier's lessons would not be sufficient to secure his admission to the Polytechnic School; and he therefore decided on studying by himself some of the newest works on mathematics that were obtainable from Paris. He possessed himself of those of Legendre, Lacroix, and Garnier; but in going through them he was often beset with difficulties. A gentleman in the neighbourhood gave him some occasional assistance; yet, he says, he found at length his real available master in the cover of a Treatise on Algebra by M. Garnier. 'This cover consisted of a printed leaf, on the outside of which blue paper was pasted. The reading of the page not covered made me desirous to know what the blue paper hid from me; I took off this paper carefully, having first damped it, and was able to read underneath it the advice given by D'Alembert to a young man who communicated to him the difficulties which he met with in his studies: "Go on, sir, go on, and conviction will come to you." This gave me a gleam of light: instead of persisting in attempts to comprehend at first sight the propositions before me, I admitted their truth provisionally; I passed on beyond, and I was quite surprised, on the morrow, to comprehend perfectly what overnight appeared to me to be

* *History of my Youth*. By Francis Arago, Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences of Paris. Translated by the Rev. Baden Powell, A.M., &c., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. Longman & Co.

encompassed with thick clouds. I thus made myself master, in a year and a half, of all the subjects contained in the programme for admission, and I went to Montpellier to undergo the examination.

Francis Arago was now sixteen years of age. He did not on this occasion pass the examination, as the examiner, being detained at Toulouse by indisposition, wrote to the candidates assembled at Montpellier that he would examine them in Paris. Arago was himself then too unwell to take so long a journey; and so, for the present, he returned to Perpignan. On finding himself at home again, without any object having been accomplished by his journey, he listened for the moment to the solicitations of his family, who continually wished him to renounce the career which the Polytechnic School had suggested. He listened, and for the moment hesitated; but soon his taste for mathematical studies preponderated; he increased his library with several of the highest class of works, including Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, and gave himself up to the study of them with the greatest ardour. 'I prepared myself,' says he, 'for the course of the artillery-service, the aim of my ambition; and, as I had heard that an officer ought to understand music, fencing, and dancing, I devoted the first hours of each day to the cultivation of these three pleasurable arts. The rest of the time I was seen walking on the ramparts of the citadel of Perpignan, seeking by more or less forced transitions to pass from one question to another, so as to be sure of being able to shew the examiner how far my studies had been carried.'

The period for the examination again arrived, and Arago went to Toulouse, in company with a candidate who had studied at the public college, to try his chances. It was the first time that pupils from Perpignan had appeared at the contest. The comrade, being of a timid turn, was utterly discomfited; but Arago resisted everything like browbeating with spirit, and at the close of the examination, M. Monge, going from one extreme to the other, got up and embraced the youth, declaring that he should occupy the first place on his list.

Arago entered the Polytechnic School towards the end of 1803. His recollections of the institution at that period present nothing of interest beyond one or two anecdotes of a ludicrous description. He tells us that many of the professors were much below their office, a circumstance which naturally gave rise to somewhat ridiculous scenes. 'The pupils, for instance, having observed the insufficiency of M. Hassenfratz, made a demonstration of the dimensions of the rainbow, full of errors of calculation, of which the one compensated the other so that the final result was true. The professor, who had only this result whereby to judge of the goodness of the answer, when he saw it appear on the table, did not hesitate to call out: "Good, good; perfectly good!" which excited shouts of laughter on all the benches of the amphitheatre.'

When a professor had lost consideration, the Polytechnic pupils allowed themselves to insult him to an incredible extent. In illustration of this, M. Arago cites the following strange proceeding. A certain pupil, named Leboulenger, met one evening this same M. Hassenfratz, and entered into a discussion with him, asserting his opinions, probably, with more confidence than the professor deemed becoming. When he re-entered the school in the morning, he mentioned the circumstance to his companions. 'Be on your guard,' said one of them; 'you will be interrogated this evening. Play with caution, for the professor has certainly prepared some great difficulties, so as to cause laughter at your expense.' And so, indeed, it happened. Scarcely had the pupils arrived in the amphitheatre, when M. Hassenfratz called to M. Leboulenger, who went up to the table. 'Monsieur Leboulenger,' said the professor to him, 'you have seen the moon?' 'No, sir,' replied the young man. 'How,

sir! you say that you have never seen the moon?' 'I can only repeat my answer—no, sir.' Beyond himself, and seeing his prey escape him by means of this unexpected answer, M. Hassenfratz addressed himself to the inspector in charge of the police that day, and said to him: 'Sir, there is Monsieur Leboulenger pretends never to have seen the moon.' 'What would you wish me to do?' asked the inspector stoically. Repulsed on this side, the professor turned once more towards M. Leboulenger, who remained calm and serious in the midst of the unspeakable amusement of the whole amphitheatre, and cried out, with undisguised anger: 'You persist in maintaining that you have never seen the moon!' 'Sir,' returned the pupil, 'I should deceive you if I told you that I had not heard it spoken of, but I have never seen it.' 'Sir, return to your place.' After this scene, says M. Arago, M. Hassenfratz was but a professor in name; his teaching could no longer be of any use.

The school was then, as now, considerably agitated with political passions, and scenes of insubordination and disorder were occasionally the consequence. When the consular government was changed into the imperial, many pupils refused to add their felicitations to the ordinary adulations of the constituted bodies. General Lacuée, the governor of the school, had to report this opposition to the emperor. 'Monsieur Lacuée,' cried Napoleon, in the midst of a group of applauding courtiers, 'you cannot retain at the school those pupils who have shewn such ardent republicanism; you will send them away.' Then, collecting himself, he added: 'I will first know their names and their stages of promotion.' Seeing the list next day, he did not proceed further than the first name, which was the first in the artillery, and which we suspect to have been Arago's. 'I do not drive away the first men from promotion,' said he. 'Ah, if they had been at the bottom of the list! Monsieur Lacuée, leave them alone.'

'Nothing,' proceeds Arago, 'was more curious than the *séance* to which General Lacuée came to receive the oath of obedience from the pupils. In the vast amphitheatre which contained them, one could not discern a trace of the attention which such a ceremony should inspire. The greater part, instead of answering, at the call of their names, "I swear it!" cried out: "Present!" All at once, the monotony of this scene was interrupted by a pupil, son of the conventionalist Brissot, who called out, in a stentorian voice: "I do not take the oath of obedience to the emperor!" Lacuée, pale, and with little presence of mind, ordered a detachment of armed pupils placed behind him to go and arrest the recusant. The detachment, of which I was at the head, refused to obey. Brissot, addressing himself to the general, with the greatest calmness, said to him: "Point out the place to which you wish me to go; do not force the pupils to dishonour themselves by laying hands on a comrade who will not resist." The next morning Brissot was expelled.'

His expulsion did not tend to make him a better citizen. On the contrary, it inflamed him with vengeance and desperation, under the influence of which he planned, and was well-nigh executing, a great and memorable crime. 'I had entirely lost sight of him for several months,' says Arago, 'when he came to pay me a visit at the Observatory, and placed me in the most delicate, the most terrible position that an honest man ever found himself in. "I have not seen you," he said to me, "because, since leaving the school, I have practised daily firing with a pistol. I have now acquired a skill not common, and I am about to employ my skill in disembarbering France of the tyrant who has confiscated all her liberties. My measures are taken: I have hired a small room on the Carrousel, close to the place by which Napoleon, on coming out from the court, will pass to review the cavalry; from

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the humble window of my apartment will the ball be fired which will go through his head." I leave it to be imagined with what despair I received this confidence. I made every imaginable effort to deter Brissot from his sinister project. I remarked how all those who had rushed on enterprises of this nature had been branded in history by the odious title of assassin. Nothing succeeded in checking his fatal resolution; I only obtained from him a promise, on his honour, that the execution of it should be postponed for a time; and I put myself in quest of means for rendering it abortive. The idea of announcing Brissot's project to the authorities did not even enter my thoughts. It seemed a fatality which came to smite me, and of which I must undergo the consequences, however serious they might be. I counted much on the solicitations of Brissot's mother, already so cruelly tried during the Revolution. I went to her, and prayed earnestly that she would unite with me in preventing her son from carrying out his sanguinary resolution. "Ah, sir," replied this lady, at other times a model of gentleness, "if Silvain [the young man's name] believes that he is accomplishing a patriotic duty, I have neither the intention nor the desire to divert him from his project." It was, then, from myself that I must henceforth draw all my resources. I had remarked that Brissot was addicted to the composition of romances and pieces of poetry; I encouraged this passion; and every Sunday, above all, when I knew that there would be a review, I went to fetch him, and drew him into the country, in the environs of Paris. I listened then complacently to the reading of those chapters of his romance which he had composed in the week. The first excursions frightened me a little; for, armed with his pistols, Brissot seized every occasion of showing his great skill, and I reflected that this circumstance would lead to my being considered as his accomplice if he ever realised his project. At last, his pretensions to literary glory, which I flattered to the utmost—the hopes which I led him to conceive of an amorous passion of which he had confided the secret to me, and which I by no means believed—made him receive with attention the reflections I made to him without end on his enterprise. He determined on making a journey beyond the seas, and thus relieved me from the most serious anxiety which I have experienced in all my life. Brissot died, after having covered the walls of Paris with printed handbills in favour of the Bourbon restoration.

A little before the date of young Brissot's startling communication, Arago had been appointed secretary at the Observatory, through the intervention of Laplace—a situation in which he shortly became the fellow-labourer of Biot in researches on the refraction of gases. During this work, that celebrated academician and he often conversed on the interest there would be in resuming in Spain the series of measurements intended to prolong the meridional line as far as Formentera, which had been undertaken by Mechain, and recently interrupted by his death. They submitted their project to Laplace, who received it favourably, bespoke the necessary funds, and obtained from the government their appointment to the work.

Accordingly, Biot, Arago, and the Spanish commissary Rodriguez, departed from Paris in 1806 on this important mission. With their scientific proceedings, however, we shall not here concern ourselves—M. Arago's personal adventures being, in the present connection, of greater interest, and forming the principal subject of his narrative. He relates one that occurred to him while staying at Valencia, which was near costing him his life, and which, on account of the singular catastrophe with which it ended, we will here repeat. One day, as a recreation, he thought he would go with a fellow-countryman to a fair at Murviedro (the ancient Saguntum), which, he had been told, was

very curious. There he met the daughter of a Frenchman whom he knew, resident at Valencia; and, as all the hotels were crowded, the young lady invited him and his companion to take some refreshment at her grandmother's, in the town. They accepted; but, on leaving the house, the damsel informed them that their visit had given offence to her betrothed, and that, therefore, they must be prepared for some sort of attack upon the road. Hearing this, they went directly to an armourer's, bought some pistols, and commenced their return to Valencia. On their way, Arago said to the driver: "Isidro, I have some reason to believe we shall be stopped; if so, do not be surprised at the shots which will be fired from the *caleza*" (vehicle).

Isidro, seated on the shaft, according to the custom of the country, answered: "Your pistols are completely useless, gentlemen; leave me to act; one cry will be enough; my mule will disembarass us of two, three, or even four men."

Scarcely one minute had elapsed after the driver had so spoken, when two men presented themselves before the mule, and seized her by the nostrils. At the same instant, a formidable cry—the cry of "Capitana!"—was uttered by Isidro. The mule reared up almost vertically, raising up one of the men, came down again, and set off at a rapid gallop. A jolt which the carriage made led the travellers to understand too well what had happened.

A long silence succeeded; it was only interrupted by these words of the *calezero*: "Do you not think, gentlemen, that my mule is worth more than any pistols?"

"The next day," says Arago, "the captain-general, Don Domingo Izquierdo, related to me that a man had been found crushed on the road to Murviedro. I gave him an account of the prowess of Isidro's mule, and no more was said."

Among the thousand anecdotes our autobiographer tells us he could relate, shewing what an adventurous life was led by the delegates of the Bureau of Longitude, the following, in his own (or rather in his translator's) words, may be given as a specimen:—

"During my stay on a mountain near Cullera, to the north of the mouth of the river Jucar, and to the south of the Albufera, I once conceived the project of establishing a station on the high mountains which are in front of it. I went to see them. The alcaid of one of the neighbouring villages warned me of the danger to which I was about to expose myself. "These mountains," said he to me, "form the resort of a crowd of robbers." I asked for the national guard, as I had the power to do so. My escort was supposed by the robbers to be an expedition directed against them, and they spread themselves at once over the rich plain which is watered by the Jucar. On my return, I found them engaged in combat with the authorities of Cullera. Wounds had been given on both sides, and, if I recollect right, one alguazil was left dead on the plain.

The next morning I regained my station. The following night was a horrible one; the rain fell in a deluge. Towards night, there was knocking at my cabin-door. To the question, "Who is there?" the answer was: "A custom-house guard, who asks of you a refuge for some hours." My servant having opened the door to him, I saw a magnificent man enter, armed to the teeth. He laid himself down on the earth, and went to sleep. In the morning, as I was chatting with him at the door of my cabin, his eyes became animated on seeing two persons on the slope of the mountain, the alcaid of Cullera and his principal alguazil, who were coming to pay me a visit. "Sir," cried he, "nothing less than the gratitude which I owe you, on account of the service which you have rendered me this night, could prevent my seizing this occasion for disencumbering myself, by one shot of this carbine,

of my most cruel enemy. Adieu, sir!" And he there-with departed, springing from rock to rock as light as a gannet. When arrived at the cabin, the alcaid and his alguazil recognised in the fugitive the chief of all the brigands in the country.

Some days afterwards, the weather having again become very bad, I received a second visit from the pretended custom-house guard, who went soundly to sleep in my cabin. I saw that my servant, an old military man, who had heard the recital of the deeds and behaviour of this man, was preparing to kill him. I jumped down from my camp-bed, and seizing my servant by the throat: "Are you mad?" said I to him. "Are we to discharge the duties of police in this country? Do you not see, moreover, that this would expose us to the resentment of all those who obey the orders of this redoubted chief? And we should thus render it impossible for us to terminate our operations."

Next morning, when the sun rose, I had a conversation with my guest, which I will try to reproduce faithfully.

"Your situation is perfectly known to me. I know that you are not a custom-house guard: I have learned from certain information that you are chief of the robbers of the country. Tell me whether I have anything to fear from your confederates."

"The idea of robbing you did occur to us; but we concluded that all your funds would be in the neighbouring towns; that you would carry no money to the summit of mountains, where you would not know what to do with it; and that our expedition against you could have no fruitful results. Moreover, we cannot pretend to be as strong as the king of Spain. The king's troops leave us quietly enough to exercise our industry; but on the day that we molested an envoy from the emperor of the French, they would have directed against us several regiments, and we should soon have succumbed. Allow me to add, that the gratitude which I owe to you is your surest guarantee."

"Very well, I will trust in your words; I shall regulate my conduct by your answer. Tell me, if I can travel at night? It is fatiguing to me to move from one station to another in the day under the burning influence of the sun."

"You can do it, sir; I have already given my orders to this purpose; they will not be infringed."

Some days afterwards, I left for Denia. It was midnight, when some horsemen rode up to me, and addressed these words to me:

"Stop there, señor; times are hard: those who have something must aid those who have nothing. Give us the keys of your trunks; we will only take your superfluities."

I had already obeyed their orders, when it came into my head to call out:

"I had been told, however, that I could travel without risk."

"What is your name, sir?"

"Don Francisco Arago."

"*Hombre! vaya usted con Dios* (God be with you)."

And so saying, the cavaliers spurred rapidly away.

Arago had thus an opportunity of learning that there was honour among thieves. He did not fare so well when afterwards, in 1808, he fell into the hands of the Spanish authorities at Majorca, under the false suspicion of telegraphing messages from the top of a mountain—his station of astronomical observation—to the French army, then invading Spain and her dependencies. Being mobbed by the populace of Palma (the capital), he had to solicit the privilege of being shut up as a prisoner in the castle of Belver. Here he passed many dreary weeks, and at length escaped to Algiers; whence, through the aid of the resident French consul, he was shipped with a false passport to Marseille. On entering the Gulf of Lion, the ship was

captured by a Spanish corsair, and Arago and the rest of the passengers were landed at Rosas, and placed in quarantine in a dismantled wind-mill. His report of his examination by the Spanish authorities of the place is very amusing, but too long for quotation in this article. From the wind-mill he was transferred to the fortress of Rosas, where, and in other prisons, he underwent great hardships. The history of these imprisonments, his efforts at escape, and his various perils by land and sea, make up nearly the sum of the remaining narrative. Before landing finally in France, we find him a second time at Algiers; and so much had he been tossed about from place to place, that all traces of him had been lost by his family. They had, indeed, long given him up for dead; and his pious mother had even caused masses to be said for the repose of his soul. Great was the joy, therefore, when he once more appeared at Perpignan; and masses were now said to celebrate his return. Arago does not appear to have cared much about such ceremonies; but as his excellent and affectionate mother deemed them proper, he raised no objection to their performance. After a hasty visit, he repaired to Paris; and there, at the Bureau of Longitude and the Academy of Sciences, deposited the observations he had made in the execution of his mission, and which he had succeeded in preserving amidst the perils and tribulations of his long campaign.

A few days after his arrival—namely, on the 18th of September 1809—he was nominated an academicien; and in the same year, he was chosen to succeed M. Monge in the chair of Analysis applied to Geometry in the Polytechnic School. He was then only twenty-three years of age; but from that period he began to hold a prominent place among the scientific men of his country, and, as the reader is doubtless aware, rose eventually to high distinction as an astronomer and meteorologist. Of his scientific achievements, however, the work before us does not treat, and therefore it would here be out of place to speak of them. The book is a collection of incidents and anecdotes, relating to an eventful period in his youthful life, and which he rightly supposed might be interesting for their strangeness and the unusual dangers and privations of which they are the record. As everything connected with the career and fortunes of a celebrated man has a charm and an attraction for all who respect his reputation, it is anticipated that this little memorial of the early studies and adventures of a man, who in his old age found pleasure in remembering and recording them, will afford both information and entertainment to a considerable body of readers; and, accordingly, to such as may feel any curiosity regarding it, we can commend it as a lively and pleasant narrative.

THE ROVING FIDDLER.

Our readers will probably recollect the amusing sketches of the violinist Mishka Hauser, on Tahiti and Sydney; we have now, from the same pen, a no less lively description of the night-side of social and artistic life in Melbourne:

MELBOURNE, June 15, 1855.

Life resembles here the carnival of Venice; it does not move in measured time and step, but whirls noisily about. Whoever likes maddening bustle and loud mirth, will feel happy at Melbourne; but he who cherishes higher aspirations, who delights in art and science, and refined social enjoyments, will scarcely find satisfaction.

Art, in fact, is practised in the same prosaic way as business. The theatres and concerts are always filled, and musical and histrionic artists cannot anywhere else in the world reap a more plentiful harvest and richer material reward; but it is only the tinsel,

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the false lustre which pleases this population; it is artificial execution which excites applause, not the high earnestness of art.

Since my arrival in Australia, I have often thought to myself when, wearied by the mad bustle of the public, I put my fiddle into its case: 'Well, there can be nothing more new for me in the way of adventure;' but, on coming to another town, I have always found myself mistaken. Perhaps even a roving fiddler should have his secrets, if not from policy, from artistic vanity. But natural frankness always overcomes vanity with me; and so down go all my impressions into my diary without disguise.

Obliged to throw myself upon the manager of a theatre—for I found, on my arrival, that all the concert-rooms were already hired—I bound myself to play for him on twelve successive nights. My first appearance was to take place in the last days of May; and the papers having puffed me enthusiastically for weeks, and public curiosity being raised to the highest pitch, the house was full to suffocation. A ballet was to precede the concert; and all the professional singers, the Misses Octavia Hamilton, Olympia Montgomery, and Dofa Aurelia Babiotti the Spaniard, were ready to join in endless trills, cadences, and roulades; while besides them, an epic gentleman was engaged to read Milton; and Signor Botessini, with his sublime basso, was to sing till the welkin rang.

The curtain rose. A French dancer, an elegant supple young lady, of no great beauty, but much expression, and apparently on perfectly good terms with herself, appeared on the scene in her short lacedress, received by an outburst of applause and by the martial trumpets of the orchestra. But from the other side came a youthful blooming Spanish Creole, with beautiful eyes, large and soft; her complexion rosy, her figure tall—in fact, the very impersonation of Terpsichore. She bowed modestly—it was her first appearance at Melbourne—and the enthusiasm of the public, surprised by her beauty, manifested itself in vehement cheers.

The two dancers struggled for the palm of victory in a graceful tarentula. Like two glittering butterflies, they whirled around, accompanied by music and applause. The mercurial Parisian made use of all her most seductive wiles, of her most refined pirouettes, of her most enchanting attitudes; but the Creole seemed patronised by the Graces themselves. Thundering applause encouraged her; and as often as she came forward with her graceful modesty, nosebags, and rings, and bracelets were thrown at her feet. The French lady struggled with her last strength against the triumph of her rival, until, disheartened and exhausted, she fell to the ground.

The Creole approached her with compassion to raise her, when suddenly the Parisian darted up, and, with looks full of hate and fury, boxed the ears of her rival. The audience hissed and hooted, while she exclaimed with passion: 'The wretch tripped me!' The poor Creole declared with dignity that she was innocent of the meanness; but a vulgar word, which slipped out of the lips of the French dancer against her, suddenly roused all the passions of the South in her bosom, and a singular struggle began. The two excited ladies rushed upon each other, and wrestled and tore and pulled one another's hair, while the thunders of the gallery made the whole atmosphere vibrate. I never saw a more natural performance. The better classes of the public did not interfere, but seemed rather to be amused by these not entirely Olympic exercises, until the Creole, bleeding and fainting, was carried away from the scene.

Some officers who, from a box, had witnessed the spectacle, were revolted at the conduct of the Parisian, and sent for the police to arrest her; but her friends collected and resisted the constables. A riot ensued;

a portion of the public rushed on the stage; they jumped across the orchestra; the fiddles and bass viols were broken; ladies were fainting; children crying; and I—I took to my heels with my fiddle, and ran away without stopping till I reached my hotel.

Arrived in my room, I lay comfortably down on my sofa, and lighted an excellent cigar. 'Farewell, Melbourne!' exclaimed I; and I began to revel in a world of imagination, full of the brightest hopes. India, the land of wonders, with its sights and perfumes, rose on my dream like an Arabian tale. In about thirty days, thought I, I shall be wandering on the sacred banks of the Ganges, whence the sea at length will carry me back to Europe, to my own dear country—what happiness! Enjoying the thought, I jumped up from the sofa, exclaiming: 'To-morrow I leave Australia.' But at these words, the manager of the theatre rushed into the room.

'The deuce!' shouted he, with a voice which seemed at the time like that of a bear; 'you don't mean to leave Melbourne—if you do, I shall have you arrested!' He took our agreement from his pocket, and continued, tapping it fiercely with his finger: 'Here is your signature, Mr Mishka Hauser; you shall not escape me!' I looked at him mournfully, and requested him to spare me for at least this night. I pleaded headache and nervousness, occasioned by the scandalous occurrence in the theatre; but the manager had no more bowels than other managers. He said the public insisted either upon the concert, or the return of the entrance-fee; that the storm had been quieted by a compromise—that is to say, by the arrest of both the dancers; and that my absence would cause a renewal of the riot. With a heavy sigh, I took his arm, and went with him, like a lamb to the man with the blue apron. In a few minutes, I stood on the fatal boards.

The overture of *Don Juan* was to open the concert; but some of the performers could not be found; the instruments of others were broken; and the conductor had fled. Signor Botessini, the favourite singer of Melbourne, tried to calm the noisy public; but in vain. He was not listened to; hisses and laughter received him; the excited public demanded imperiously the overture, and the manager had to yield. At midnight, therefore, after the displeasure and impatience of the public had died away, I had to come forward and take the command of the disabled music-band. All eyes, spectacles, and opera-glasses were turned towards my poor person, and, preoccupied and foreboding evil, I gave the signal for the performance. In my consternation, I scarcely heard how the work of the great Mozart was dealt with; when suddenly, just as the trombone announced the appearance of the Commander, an indescribable noise of hooting and shouting rent the air. I feared the ghost of the ill-treated Mozart had entered the theatre; but it was something more prosaic—the police-officer; who, in the name of the governor, ordered the public to retire. The stage was soon filled with the police force; in five minutes the pit was cleared; and nobody was so glad of it as I.

The next day, all the papers severely censured the public. 'What will Europe, what will the world think of us,' said the *Argus*, 'if artists, who cross the ocean for our sake, are treated with so little respect—if art, which ought to elevate us, is degraded by riotous conduct?' The lesson seems to have had its effect; a few days later, I played, and was received with distinction. A new piece, *The Bouquets Irlandais*—variations on Irish melodies—made a great sensation, and roused the excitable and here pretty numerous Irish population to the highest pitch of national enthusiasm. The day before yesterday I performed in the Arsenal for the benefit of the hospital; and as the receipts were very brilliant, the committee appointed me life-governor. I was honoured with a torch-light serenade, and other

ovations, which, as the playbills say, were 'too tedious to mention.'

So, you see, there are the smooths as well as the roughs at Melbourne, after all. Even an ordinary walk is exceedingly interesting. There are here about 20,000 Chinese, who always amuse me greatly by their oddities. In walking through their streets—they occupy a quarter of the town of their own—we find ourselves in a new world. Before the hotel, where some Chinese gourmands are dining under the veranda, we see joints of dogs, roast cats, fried grasshoppers, salad of rose-leaves, and other peculiar dainties. A row among them is no rare occurrence, but it is never very serious: at the most, the vanquished loses his tail, which remains as a trophy in the hands of his victorious antagonist, who then gravely retires from the battle-field. At one of the corners, I saw a book-seller selling his books, not according to their value or to a fixed price, but according to weight. If, on weighing them, they were too light, he coolly tore some leaves from another book, and threw them into the scale.

The Chinese have here the curious custom of making one another presents of richly-adorned coffins, as testimonials of their love, friendship, or esteem. Parents take such a present from their children as a token of filial affection.

But my letter becomes too long; I must close, and without a word about the Exhibition of Industry, and the first Australian University. As to the Exhibition, I shall send you by and by a detailed report. About the university, I know very little—only the first and last paragraph of the by-laws, which I happened to see under a grating on the gate of the college. The first paragraph intimates that smoking and drinking are strictly forbidden in the classes; and the last says, that smoking is allowed in the galleries and passages of the building. So that education here would seem to begin and end in smoke.

A PET MOOSE.

So tame was my young moose, that he would come into a room and jump several times over chairs, backwards and forwards, for a piece of bread. He had a great penchant for tobacco-smoke, which, if puffed in his face, would cause him to rub his head with great satisfaction against the individual. His gambols were sometimes very amusing. Throwing back his ears, and dropping the under-jaw, he would gallop madly up and down on a grass-plot, now and then rearing up on his hind-legs, and striking ferociously with his fore-feet at the trunks of trees, or anything within reach, varying the amusement by an occasional shy and kick behind at some imaginary object. No palings could keep him from gardens, in which, when not watched, he would constantly be found, revelling on the boughs of currant and lilac bushes; in fact, tasting fruit and flowers most indiscriminately. On being approached for the purpose of being turned out, the cunning little brute would immediately lie down, from which position, his hide being as callous as that of a jackass, he could be got up with difficulty. In the very hot days of summer, when he appeared to miss the cool plunge in the lake, which these animals, in their wild condition, always indulge in at this time of year, I continually caused buckets of water to be thrown over him.—*Hardy's Sporting Adventures.*

THE ARAB OF JEBEL HAURAN.

'What brought you to the *Deir* when you saw us there?' I asked him.—'To strip you,' he coolly replied.—'And why did you not do it?'—'Because Mahmūd was with you.'—'But why would you plunder us? We are strangers, and not your enemies.'—'It is our custom.'—'And do you strip all strangers?'—'Yes, all we can get hold of.'—'And if they resist, or are too strong for you?'—'In the former case, we shoot them from behind trees; and in the latter, we run.'—'How do the people of your tribe live? Do they sow or

feed flocks?'—'We are not *fellakhs*. We keep goats and sheep, hunt partridges and gazelles, and steal!'—'Are you all thieves?'—'Yes, all!'—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

THE FEAST OF INGATHERING.

Nor for the proud and mighty is the festive table spread;
No civic magnates crowd around, no prince is at its head;
But though our guests no blood have shed in battle's
fierce turmoil,
They have won a gallant victory from their own native
soil.

They poured their sweat in place of blood, and well their
strength they spent,
Since now earth pays a hundred-fold the toil and seed they
lent;
So blithely gathering old and young, in merry groups they
come
To celebrate the victory that brought the harvest home.

And while we praise the hero's name that for his country
bleeds,
Give honour to the sons of toil, whose work the soldier
feeds.
The same in metal true are both, the same determined
brow—
Oh, may just Heaven speed alike the good sword and the
plough!

For well may they be heroes deemed who unrepining bear
The heat and burden of the war—dear food and scanty
fare:
Honour to him who tills the ground, and to the brave who
roam;
For while the soldier fights abroad, the peasant works at
home.

GRIMSBY.

RUTH BUCK.

SARDINIAN STATISTICS.

The population of the Sardinian kingdom is nearly 5,000,000, of whom about half a million belong to Savoy, and about half a million to the island of Sardinia. The Austrian Lombardo-Venetian territory has the same number of inhabitants, within a few thousands, as the kingdom of Sardinia. The population of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies is about 10,000,000, and of the whole Italian peninsula about 25,000,000. The revenue of Sardinia is 130,000,000 francs, and the public debt nearly 600,000,000 francs. In spite of recent reforms, and the suppression of the monastic orders, the state of the church is a great source of weakness to the country. In the island of Sardinia, the clergy are in the ratio of 1 to every 127 souls, and on the mainland 1 to 227; the proportion in other most Catholic countries being, in Austria 1 for 610, and in Belgium 1 for 600. Exclusive of pupils in seminaries, novices, and others not in orders, the kingdom of Sardinia lately numbered 23,000 ecclesiastics, and the church-revenue amounted to more than 17,000,000 francs; four times the sum allowed by Belgium for public worship, and little less than half the sum allowed by France; though Belgium has nearly the same population, and France eight times the number. Piedmont his well, then, deserved the name of 'the paradise of priests.' The education of the country is in a low condition, especially in the island of Sardinia, where scarcely a fifteenth of the people can read or write. In Piedmont, half the population are uneducated. But the government is preparing to give attention to popular education, the revenues of the suppressed convents being partly designed for this object, the neglect of which removes all reasonable ground of complaint on account of the spoliation of the church.—*Gallenga's History of Piedmont.*

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